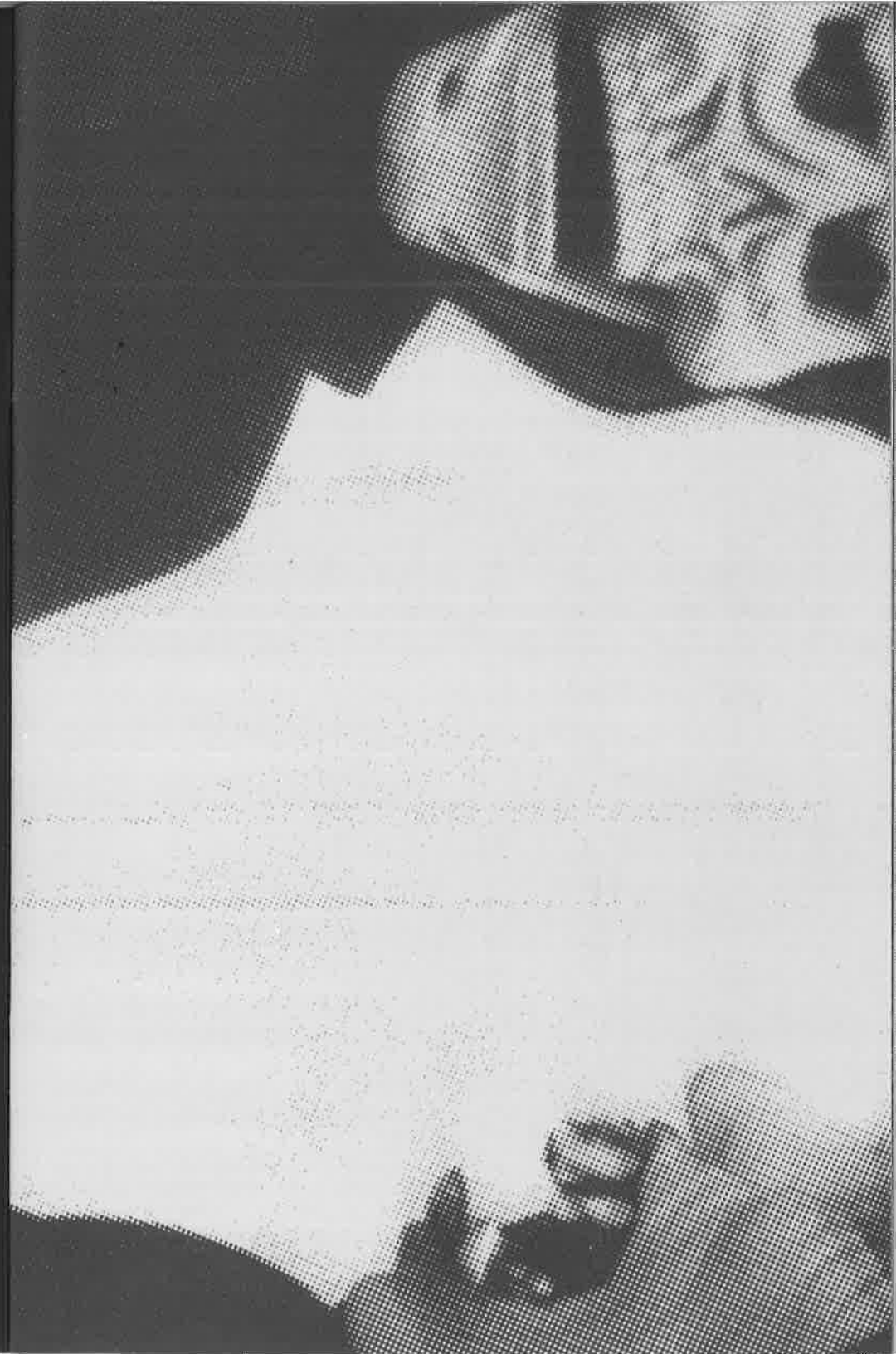
# POGOLITH

## ISSUE #000

LYRICS TO THE DEVIL AND
GOD FROM ENGINSLEEVE



# SOWING SEASON

LOSING ALL MY FRIENDS. LOSING SOME TO DRINKING AND SOME TO DRIVING. I WAS LOSING ALL MY FRIENDS. I DIDN'T WANT THEM BACK. I AM ON THE MEND. AND AT LEAST NOW I CAN SAY THAT I AM TRYING. AND I HOPE YOU WILL FORGET THE THINGS THAT I STILL LACK. YEAH. "IS IT IN YOU NOW, TO BEAR TO HEAR THE WORDS THAT YOU HAVE SPOKEN TWISTED UP BY KNAVES, TO MAKE A TRAP FOR FOOLS. AND IS IT IN YOU NOW, TO WATCH THE THINGS YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE TO, BROKEN. AND THEN STOOP AND BUILD THEM UP WITH WORN OUT TOOLS? . . . YEAH, YEAH, BUT HOW? NOTHING GETS SO BAD, A WHISPER FROM YOUR FATHER COULDN'T FIX IT. HE WHISPERS LIKE A BRIDGE. IT'S A RIVER, SPANNED. TAKE ALL THAT YOU HAVE AND TURN IT INTO SOMETHING YOU WOULD MISS IF IT ONLY TOOK A BRICK TO SHATTER ALL YOUR PLANS. YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

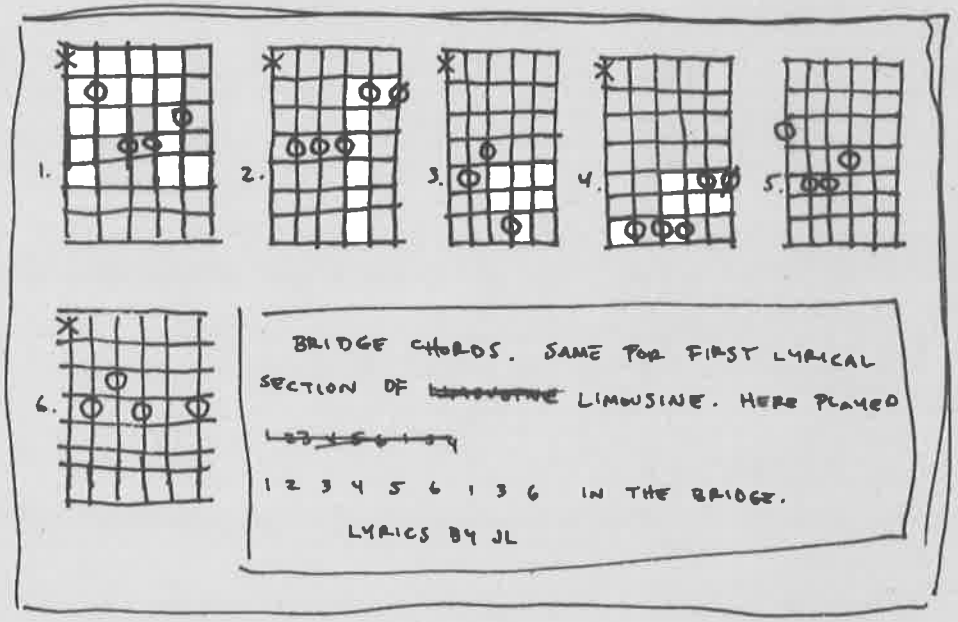
THERE'S NO TIME TO GET THE SEEDS INTO THE COLD GROUND
IT TAKES A WHILE TO GROW ANYTHING, ~~BEFORE~~ BEFORE IT'S
COMING TO AN END. SO BEFORE YOU PUT MY BODY IN THE
COLD GROUND, TAKE SOME TIME AND WARM IT WITH YOUR
HANDS. WINTER'S COMING TO AN END.

DO YOU MISS THE BLEND OF COLOR THAT SHE LEFT IN YOUR BLACK AND WHITE FIELD, OR DO YOU FEEL CONDEMNED JUST FOR BEING THERE? I AM NOT YOUR FRIEND. I AM JUST A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW IT FEELS. I AM NOT YOUR FRIEND, NOT YOUR LOVER AND I'M NOT YOUR FAMILY. YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

CHORDS ARE MOSTLY E B A G / B A C G P# PLAYED WITH TWO FINGERS ON THE LOWEST 3 OR 4 STRINGS AROUND THE 7TH FRET. LYRICS BY JL / RK

# MILLSTONE

I USED TO BE SUCH A BURNING EXAMPLE. I USED TO BE SO ORIGINAL. I USED TO CARE I WAS BEING CARED FOR AND MADE SURE I SHOWED IT TO THOSE THAT I LOVED. I USED TO SLEEP WITHOUT A SINGLE STIR, CAUSE I WAS ABOUT MY FATHER'S WORK. WELL, TAKE ME OUT TONIGHT. THIS SHIP OF FOOLS I'M ON WILL SINK. I'M MY OWN STONE AROUND MY NECK. BE MY BREATH. THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T GIVE. I USED TO PRAY LIKE GOD WAS LISTENING. I USED TO MAKE MY PARENTS PROUD. I WAS THE GLUE THAT KEPT MY FRIENDS TOGETHER. NOW THEY DON'T TALK AND WE DON'T GO OUT. I USED TO KNOW THE NAME OF EVERY PERSON I'D KISSED. BUT NOW I'VE MADE THIS BED AND I CAN'T FALL ASLEEP IN IT. WELL TAKE ME OUT TONIGHT. THIS SHIP OF FOOLS I'M ON WILL SINK. I'M MY OWN STONE AROUND MY NECK. BE MY BREATH. THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T GIVE. THROW ME THAT ~~LIFELINE~~ LIFELINE. THIS SHIP OF FOOLS I'M ON WILL SINK. I'M ~~MY~~ MY OWN STONE AROUND MY NECK. BE MY BREATH. THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T GIVE. THEY NEVER HIT THEIR BRAKES. THERE WAS NO TIME TO SEE. HE JUST RAN OUT IN THE STREET. "DOES ANYBODY KNOW HIS NAME?" "I THINK I RECOGNIZE HIM." HE SURE AS HELL PAID FOR THAT MISTAKE.




BRIDGE CHORDS. SAME FOR FIRST LYRICAL SECTION OF ~~LIMOUSINE~~ LIMOUSINE. HERE PLAYED ~~1 2 3 4 5 6~~

1 2 3 4 5 6 1 3 6 IN THE BRIDGE.

LYRICS BY JL

# Jesus Christ
# Jesus Christ
# Jesus Christ

JESUS CHRIST, THAT'S A PRETTY FACE. THE KIND YOU'D FIND ON SOMEONE THAT COULD SAVE. IF THEY DON'T PUT ME AWAY, WELL IT WILL BE A ~~MIRACLE~~ MIRACLE. DO YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE MISSING OUT. THAT EVERYTHING GOOD IS HAPPENING SOMEWHERE ELSE. BUT WITH NOBODY IN YOUR BED, LIFE'S HARD TO GET THROUGH. AND I WILL DIE ALL ALONE. AND WHEN I ARRIVE I WON'T KNOW ANYONE. WELL, JESUS CHRIST. I'M ALONE AGAIN. SO WHAT DID YOU DO THOSE THREE DAYS YOU WERE DEAD, BECAUSE THIS PROBLEM IS GONNA LAST MORE THAN THE WEEKEND. WELL JESUS CHRIST I'M NOT SCARE TO DIE BUT IM A LITTLE BIT SCARED OF WHAT COMES AFTER. DO I GET THE GOLD CHARIOT, OR DO I FLOAT THROUGH THE CEILING. OR DO I DIVIDE AND PULL APART, CAUSE MY BRIGHT IS TOO SLIGHT TO HOLD BACK ALL MY DARK. THIS SHIP WENT DOWN IN SIGHT OF LAND. AND AT THE GATES DOES THOMAS ASK TO SEE MY HANDS. I KNOW YOU'RE COMING IN THE NIGHT LIKE A THIEF. BUT I'VE HAD SOME TIME OH LORD, TO HONE MY LYING TECHNIQUE. I KNOW YOU THINK THAT I'M SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST, BUT I'M SCARED I'LL GET SCARED AND I SWEAR I'LL TRY TO NAIL YOU ~~BACK~~ BACK UP. SO DO YOU THINK THAT WE COULD WORK OUT A SIGN, SO I'LL KNOW IT'S YOU AND THAT IT'S OVER SO I WON'T EVEN TRY. I KNOW YOU'RE COMING FOR THE PEOPLE LIKE ME. BUT WE ALL GOT WOOD AND NAILS, AND WE TURN OUT HATE IN FACTORIES. YEAH, WE ALL GOT WOOD AND NAILS, AND WE SLEEP INSIDE OF THIS MACHINE.

GOODBYE TO SLEEP. I THINK THIS STAYING UP IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED. TAKE APART YOUR HEAD. TAKE APART THE COUNTING AND THE PLOCK IT HAS BRED. GOODBYE TO LOVE. IT'S A RODE THAT WILL PUSH YOU UP RIGHT AGAINST THE WALL. TAKE APART YOUR HEAD. CHEW IT UP AND SWALLOW IT.

# ~~DEGAUSSER~~

~~—~~ I CAN'T SHAKE THIS LITTLE FEELING, THAT I'LL NEVER SET ANYTHING RIGHT. GOODBYE YOU LIAR. YOU CAN DRINK FROM HER CUP BUT WON'T OWN UP TO ANYTHING. AND YOU STILL THINK YOU CAN INSPIRE. TAKE APART YOUR HEAD. TAKE APART THE DEMON UP IN THE ATTIC TO THE LEFT. GOODBYE MY LOVE. WAIT RIGHT HERE AND THEY WILL COME TO PICK YOU UP. I'VE BEEN ON PAUSE BUT NOW IM SHAKING OFF THE RUST. I'VE LOST MY CHARGE. I'VE BEEN DEGAUSSED. I'VE BEEN DEGAUSSED. I'VE BEEN DEGAUSSED TAKE ME. TAKE ME BACK TO YOUR BED. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT IT HURTS MY HEAD. I DON'T MIND YOU UNDER MY SKIN. I'LL LET YOUR BAD PARTS AND YOUR BAD PARTS IN. WHEN WE WERE MADE WE WERE SET APART. IF LIFE IS A TEST THEN I GET BAD MARKS SOME SAINT GOT THE JOB OF WRITING DOWN MY SINS. THE STORM IS COMING. THE STORM IS COMING. (dē-gous-er)

I CAN'T SHAKE THIS LITTLE FEELING. THAT I'VE NEVER SAID ANYTHING RIGHT.

TAKE ME TAKE ME BACK TO YOUR BED. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT IT HURTS MY HEAD. I DON'T MIND YOU UNDER MY SKIN. I'LL LET YOUR BAD PARTS IN, YEAH, YOUR BAD PARTS IN. YOU'RE MY FAVORITE BIRD AND WHEN YOU SING, I REALLY DO WISH THAT YOU WOULD WEAR MY RING. NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY I AM STILL THE KING. THE STORM IS COMING. THE STORM IS COMING, YEAH.

# LIMOUSINE

K, HERE'S YOUR RIDE. GET YOUR PEDALS OUT AND LAY THEM IN THE AISLE. PRETEND THAT YOU ARE GOD AND GROW, AND THAT IT'S YOUR DAY TO WED. WE'VE FOUND YOUR MAN. HE'S DRINKING UP. HE'S ALL-AMERICAN. AND HE'LL DRIVE. HE'S VOLUNTEERED WITH GRACE TO END YOUR LIFE. WE'LL TIDY UP. IT'S SAD TO HOLD BUT LEAVE YOUR SHELL TO US. YOU EXPLODE. YOU FIREFLY. YOU TINY BOAT WITH OARS. FEATHER OARS. THE WORLD TILTS BACK AND POURS AND POURS, AND SO, YOU SATELLITE. YOU TIDAL WAVE. YOU'RE A BIG SURPRISE AND I'VE ONE MORE NIGHT TO BE YOUR MOTHER.

- THE SIGNAL INTERRUPTED, BABY'S ~~MACGUN~~ FREQUENCY NOT STRONG ENOUGH. REMAIN IN MY HANDS AND SMILING. WE WILL MISS YOU BUT IN TIME YOU'LL GET SET UP. AND WE WILL WRITE. —

HEY YOU BEAUTY SUPREME, YEAH YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ME. BUT CAN I GET MYSELF OUT FROM UNDERNEATH THIS GUILT THAT WILL CRUSH ME. AND IN THE CHOIR, I SAW OUR SAD MESSIAH. HE WAS BORED AND TIRED OF MY LAMENTS. HE SAID, "I DIED FOR YOU ONE TIME, BUT NEVER AGAIN." NEVER AGAIN. NEVER AGAIN. NEVER AGAIN. NEVER AGAIN. NEVER AGAIN. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH. BUT DO ME A FAVOR BABY AND DON'T REPLY. CAUSE I CAN DISH IT OUT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE IT. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH. BUT DO ME A FAVOR BABY AND DON'T REPLY. CAUSE I CAN DISH IT OUT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE IT.

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN
SEVEN
SEVEN
SEVEN

MILLSTONE CHORDS 1 2 3 4 5 6 1 4 (x4) THEN 5, 6 TO F#
THEN F# WITH AN OPEN E STRING. LYRICS BY JL

HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY
MR. HANGMAN, YOU GO GET YOUR ROPE. IT SEEMS YOUR DAUGHTERS WEREN'T CAREFUL, I FEAR THAT I AM A SLIPPERY SLOPE. AND NOW EVEN IF I LAY MY HEAD DOWN AT NIGHT AFTER A DAY I GOT PERFECTLY RIGHT, SHE WON'T KNOW. NO, SHE WON'T KNOW.

~~SO PRAY LITTLE KAY LA-LA-LUCK~~

SO PRAY LITTLE KAY LA-LA-LUCK IS JUST GOD ON A GOOD DAY. AND YOU CAN'T BLAME YOUR MOTHER. SHE'S JUST TRYING NOT TO SEE YOU AS HER WORST MISTAKE. OH, I WISH THAT I COULD TELL YOU RIGHT NOW, ~~I LOVE~~ I LOVE YOU. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I WON'T BE AROUND, SO YOU WON'T KNOW. NO, YOU WON'T KNOW. NO, YOU WON'T KNOW. NO, YOU WON'T KNOW. WE'RE NEVER GONNA FEEL AS FULL AS WE FELT, SO LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND WE'LL PLAY WILLIAM TELL. TAKE YOUR TIME DRAWING YOUR BEAD. I'LL STAND AS STILL AS YOU NEED. OH YOU'RE SO GOOD AT TALKING SMACK, YOU HEART ATTACK, BUT YOU'RE THE APPLE OF MY EYE ANYWAY.

I'M JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND MY HEAD IS ON A SILVER PLATE.

# YOU WON'T KNOW

E → C FOREVER G Am C Am D Em G Am C D E → C Am D D#° E

BY JESSE

# NOT THE SUN

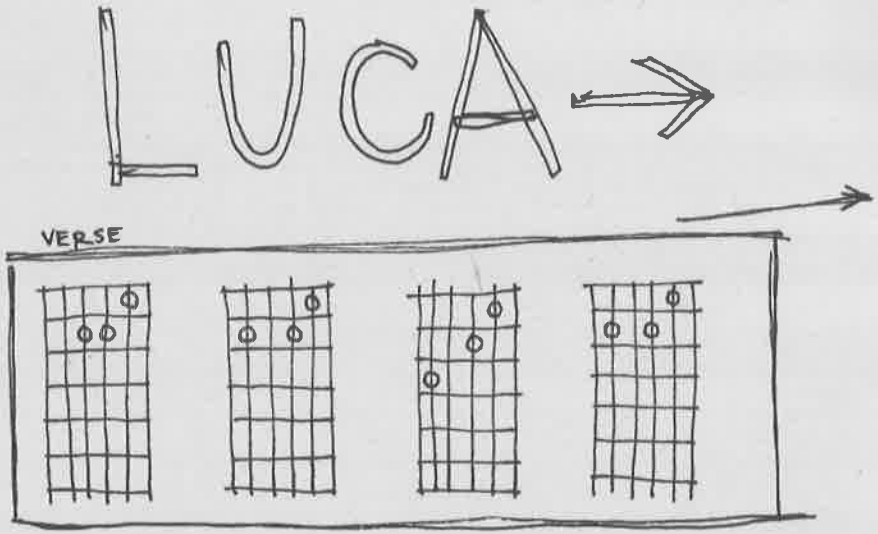
I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO WRITE MORE LYRICS TO THIS ONE

PLEASE DON'T BE TECHNOLOGY. CAUSE I CAN'T TURN OFF YOUR LOVE LIKE SOME COLD MACHINE. DON'T FEED ME SCRAPS FROM YOUR BED. I WON'T BE THE STRAY COMING BACK JUST TO BE FED. DON'T BE WAVES, COME TO SEAL MY FATE MARINE. JUST PRETEND THAT YOU WANT ME AND BE MY BABE. DON'T BE THAT NOTE I CAN'T HOLD. DON'T BE THAT JOKE THAT I TOLD AND TOLD TILL IT GOT OLD. DON'T BE THAT HAND ROUND MY THROAT SO I CAN'T BREATHE. SAY YOU'RE MY FRIEND BUT WHY WON'T YOU BE MY FAMILY?

AND IF YOU BREED, JUST DON'T TELL ME.

BE MY BABE. BE MY SERENE. TELL ME YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. YOU'VE SET ON ME, BUT YOU ARE NOT THE SUN.

AND YOU WILL NOT LISTEN.




PLUCK STRINGS IN THIS ORDER

A D G D B G A D G D B G A D G D B G ETC.

IT'S A SICILIAN MESSAGE.

IT MEANS LUCA BRASI SLEEPS WITH THE FISHES.

LUCA

~~LUCA~~

LUCA

WHEN I DISAPPEAR DO YOU FEAR FOR THE SISTER I TOOK. WHEN I DISAPPEAR IT IS CLEAR I AM UP TO NO GOOD. I AM DREARILY BLOODLETTING THIS BEDWETTING COSMONAUT. SON, THE LAST THING YOU REALIZE YOU NEED IS WHAT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT. SO TOUCH ME OR DON'T, JUST LET ME KNOW, WHERE YOU BEEN?

DROP ME A LINE WITH A HOOK AND SOME RAW BLEEDING BAIT.

1 2 3 4

~~I AM [redacted] AND STILL SWIMMING ALONE IN THE LAKE~~

I AM UNCAUGHT AND STILL SWIMMING ALONE IN THE LAKE.

5 6 7 8

SHIMMERING UNDER A MOON MADE IN ANGER AND HASTE.
SHIMMERING LIKE A PENNY OUT OF REACH IN THE SUBWAY GRATING.
— I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS ALWAYS REPEATING IT
SHIMMERING LIKE A COIN KEPT SAFE AWAY. YOU NEVER LISTEN TO ANYTHING. — SO TOUCH ME OR DON'T. JUST LET ME KNOW WHERE YOU BEEN? WE COULD LEAVE IT ALONE, I'M SURE THERE'S SOMEONE WHO KNOWS. WHERE YOU BEEN?

"YOU COULD NEVER WORK WELL WITH OUR GROUP, NOT WITH THE FAULTS WE'VE FOUND. SO WE'VE FIXED YOU WITH CEMENT GALOSHES AND NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU NOW. UNLESS YOU HAVE FRIENDS AMONG FISH, THERE'LL STILL BE NO AIR TO BREATHE. YOU COULD DRINK UP THE ENTIRE OCEAN, WE'LL STILL FIND SOMEONE TO BE EVERYTHING WE KNOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE."

SO TOUCH ME OR DON'T. JUST LET ME KNOW WHERE YOU BEEN?

# thearchersbowshavebroken.

WHO DO YOU CARRY THAT TORCH FOR MY YOUNG MAN? DO YOU BELIEVE IN ANYTHING? OR DO YOU CARRY IT AROUND JUST TO BURN THINGS DOWN. MEET ME TONIGHT ON THE TURNPIKE MY [redacted] DARLING, CAUSE WE BELIEVE IN EVERYTHING. IF WE SWEAT ALL OUR DEBTS WE'LL BE SURE TO DROWN SO LET'S STRAP OURSELVES UP TO THIS ENGINE NOW, WITH GOD, WHO WE FOUND LYING UNDER THE BACK SEAT. WHAT DID YOU LEARN TONIGHT? SHOUTING SO LOUD YOU BARELY JOYOUS, BROKEN THING. YOU'RE A VOICE THAT NEVER SINGS IS WHAT I SAY. YOU ARE FREEZING OVER HELL. YOU ARE BRINGING ON THE END YOU DO SO WELL [redacted] [redacted]. YOU CAN ONLY BLAME YOURSELF IS WHAT I SAY. OH! ORDER YOUR DAUGHTERS TO IGNORE ME. THINK THAT WILL SORT ME AND SWEEP ME UNDER THE RUG. WHILE YOU'RE BEATING WITH A BOOK EVERYONE THAT BOOK TELLS YOU TO LOVE. THERE IS AN EMBER IN THE HEART OF THE KILN AND IT'S BURNING HOT WITH LOVE. BURNING OUT MY CENTER TILL THERE'S NOTHING BUT DUST ROLLING ME WITH CARE INTO YOUR CIGARETTE CAUSE THE GOD I BELIEVE W NEVER WORKED ON A CAMPAIGN TRAIL.

WHO DO YOU CARRY THAT TORCH FOR MY YOUNG MAN?

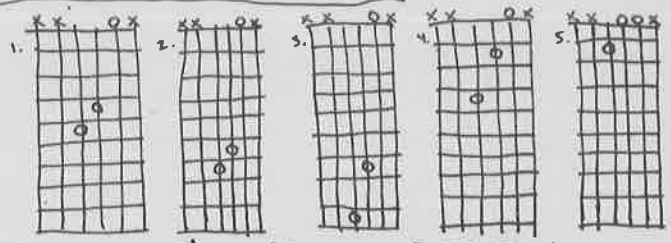
DO YOU BELIEVE IN ANYTHING? OR DO YOU CARRY IT AROUND JUST TO BURN THINGS TO THE GROUND?

THIS SONG WAS MEANT TO BE PLAYED ON TWO ACOUSTIC GUITARS. MY (JESSE) PART IS PLAYED ON ONLY THE D, G + B STRINGS, WITH THE B STRING BEING PLAYED OPEN THE WHOLE TIME. THE BRIDGE IS PLAYED WITH BAR CHORDS FOLLOWING THE BASS. YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK VIN FOR THE SECOND PART.

VERSE: 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 4 1 (REPEAT)

CHORUS: [redacted] 1 4 5 3 4 1 2

LYRICS BY VA BELOW.




## HANDCUFFS

I'D ARREST YOU IF I HAD HANDCUFFS. I'D ARREST YOU IF I HAD THE TIME. I'D THROW YOU DOWN IN THE BACKSEAT AS IF YOU'D [redacted] COMMITTED A TERRIBLE CRIME. I'D BREAK INTO TOWN'S WORTH OF HOUSES AND ROB WHOLE FAMILIES BLIND. I'D DO IT TO YOU LIKE YOU'D DO IT TO ME, IF YOU KNEW YOU WOULD GET AWAY FINE. I'D DROWN ALL THESE CRYING BABIES, IF I KNEW THAT THEIR MOTHER'S WOULDN'T CRY. I'D HOLD THEM DOWN AND I'D SQUEEZE REAL SOFT AND LET A PIECE OF MYSELF DIE. IT'S HARD TO BE THE BETTER MAN, WHEN YOU FORGET YOU'RE TRYING. IT'S HARD TO BE THE BETTER MAN. I'D ARREST YOU IF I HAD HANDCUFFS. I'D ARREST YOU IF I HAD THE TIME. I'D WAIT FOR YOU OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM AND TAUNT YOU WHEN ALL YOUR APPEALS WERE DECLINED. I'D DRIVE MY CAR OFF OF A BRIDGE. IF I KNEW THAT YOU WEREN'T INSIDE. WITH THE PEDAL TO THE FLOOR, WHO COULD ASK FOR A MORE [redacted] FANTASTIC WAY TO KILL SOME TIME. YOU COULD LAY ON YOUR BACK AND BE BEATEN. YOU COULD PUT UP YOUR FISTS AND FIGHT, OR YOU COULD TRY AND BE WAY OFF. IT'S HARD TO BE THE BETTER MAN, WHEN YOU FORGET YOU'RE TRYING. IT'S HARD TO BE THE BETTER MAN, WHEN YOU'RE STILL LYING.